THE WIDE AWAKE CIRCLE

BOYS' AND GIRLS' DEPARTMENT

Rules for Young Writers 1. Write plainly on one side of the paper only, and number the pages. 2. Use pen and ink, not pencil.
2. Short and pointed articles will be given preference. Do not use over 250 words. Original stories or letters only 5. Write your name, age and adding plainly of the bettem of the

Address all communications to Un-cle Jed, Bulletin Office.

"Whatever you are—Be that! Whatever you say—Be true! Straightforwardly act, e honest—in fact. Be nobody else but you." POETRY.

The Funny Man. There is a funny little man Who keeps a shop that's queer. You'll never guess his business right, Not if you guess a year.

In rows upon his wooden shelves Stand bottles big and bright, All labeled neat in printed words Refreshing to your sight.

sign is fastened to the door, Which always opens wide, Inviting you to enter there: "A first class shine inside."

Perhaps you think he blacks your boots;
A second glance reveals That though he is a "polisher,"

He shines not toes or heels. One bottle on his topmost shelf Is labeled "Sunshine Strong."
"Preserved Good Tempers" is the next.
The next is "Powdered Song."

"Essence of Love" and "Balm of Peace" Come next upon the shelf; Then "Cream of Faith," "Tincture of

All marked to "Help Yourself." The "Cintment of Unselfishness' And pills of "Happy Thought" tand near the "Spirits of Kind Words.

Not elsewhere to be bought. Two iron baskets large and strong In corners of his shop;

And indicating fingers point;
"Here all bad faults may drop." If any Wide-Awakes find This wondrous little man He'll help you on your daily way And "shine" you all he can.

To those who seek his aid. is moito's only "Help yourself." Go choose. Don't be afraid!

LETTERS OF ACKNOWLEDGMENT

Lillian Brehaut of East Norwich, N Y. I received the prize book you sent.
I have read almost half of it and I think it is very interesting. I thank you very much for it.

Abraham Swaitzberg, of Mt. Hope Ct.: I thank you very much for my prize book. The Little Lame Prince.

WINNERS OF PRIZE BOOKS. 1-Adelaide Holbrook of Norwich, The Pony Rider Boys on the Alkali. 2-Fiora Lambert of Attawaugan, Bek's First Corner.

3-Violet Main of Mystic, John Bun-4-Helen Reynolds of Eagleville, Jack

5-Maria A. Shea of Norwich, Dick Prescott's Second Year at West Point,

6-Doris M. Briggs of Saybrook, 7-Marion Black of Springfield, Mass.,

Dotty Dimple Out West. Selles, Alice's Adventures in Wonder-

Winners of books living in the city may call at The Bulletin business office them at any hour after 10 a. m.

Thursday. Uncie Jed's Talk to Wide-Awakes, There is an old saying: "If at first

the same house with her and to go shares in the housekeeping. "But we

must provide for the winter or else we

ed and a little pot of fat was bought.

But they did not know where to put

it. At length, after long consultation, the cat said: "I know of no
place where it could be better put than

placed in safety; but it was not long before the cat had a great longing for

it, and said to the mouse: "I wanted to tell you, little mouse, that my sousin has a little son, white, with

mouse. But it was all untrue. The cut had

looked at the view, stretched herself in the sun and licked her lips when-ever she thought of the little pot of

"Topon," said the est dryly.

"Popoff!" echoed the mouse. "It is indeed a curious name. Is it in your

family?"
"What is there odd about it?" said

As soon as it was evening she

"It went off very well," answered the good."

you don't succeed, try, try again," but I wish to tell you, If at first you do succeed, try, try again! Failure almost as often follows success in this world as it precedes it and many a mortal has discovered who has suc-ceeded in every material way that he as made a failure of life, because he has neglected his mind,

There is a warning which came down the ages to man that he has never given its full value: "With all thy gettings get understanding." It is up o every man to know why he succeeds, why he fails and why he is never to die. To get a grip upon these three things means that you are to become more than an average man or woman There are people who cannot stand success, and it is said to be their way to ruin, but it isn't for they have never succeeded whatever their material gain. People who are on the road to riches are often on the road to ruin because they lack the understanding how to properly appreciate their position or to hold in comfort and honor the position gained.

Excesses of every kind are a menace to success: If you eat too much, drink too much, dance too much, sleep too much, study too much, or work too much, you are in danger of making a failure of life. Just enough of everything is the price of true success; and just enough of everything spells temperance and is temperance from every earthly and heavenly point of view.

The price of success is doing all things right; but the cause of ruin lies in doing a few things wrong. It is easier to slide down hill than to draw the sled uphill-it is easier to make a failure of life than to make a success

With all thy gettings, get understanding," and this covers the why, the when and the wherefore of the essential things of life. Success must dwell within you, or you cannot press it. Others may aid in your success, but you must clinch it yourself. Success in deportment is as necesary as success in study-success in thoughts as important as success in endeavor. Get the spirit of achievement in the mind and it may in time be truly said of you-he was "master of his soul and captain of his fate."

STORIES WRITTEN BY WIDE-AWAKES.

Patrick Henry.

When Patrick Henry was a little boy he liked to play on his violin very much. Also he liked to hunt and fish. When he grew up he wanted to be a lawyer, because his father was a law-

When he was 15 years old his father put him in a country store, He failed

in store business. He decided to be a lawyer. He made a great speech once "I know not what course others may take, but as for me, give me liberty or give me death."
That was part of his speech.

MARION BLACK, Age 9. Springfield, Mass.

Lighthouses.

I wonder how many children have seen a lighthouse? I have seen many. Near the dangerous parts of our e tall round houses, and the top of them is all glass, with great lamps, far larger than the headlights of the railroad engines. The lamps light the water for miles, and by them sailors know where they are and how to get into the harbor. These lights differ from one another; one is white, one red, and they flash so often. By this means the sailors, looking on their books, are able to tell just where they are. These lighthouses are lights to the paths for ships and guide them. Just so the Bible is a light to show us the path to walk in.

Once a lighthouse keeper was asked: What if you did not light the lamp

That could not be," the lighthouse

"But what if you did not light it?" "Well," the keeper answered, "to-morrow we would have news from the ships saying they knew not where to go. Of course, from shipwrecked vessels with many lives lost,"
So, if the Bible were taken away.

Note them, when she got ready to get the her pitcher, why, it was broken! Some narghty boy must have thrown a stone at it.

Poor Grace did not know what to do,

"Halfgone," answered the cat.
"Halfgone! What a name! I have never heard it in my life."

white hair on its body. This only hap

"Oh, you sit at home in your dark gray coat and your long tail," said the cat, "and you get fanciful. That comes

of not going out in the day."

The mouse had a good cleaning out

From this time on no one asked the cat to stand godmother, but when the winter came and there was nothing to

have stered away; it will taste very

'Yes, indeed." answered the cat: "it

They started off, and when they

reached it they found the pot in its

place, but quite empty!

A Cat-And A Mouse

A cat had made acquaintance with a mouse and had spoken so much of the great love and friendship she felt that at last the mouse consented to live in

must provide for the winter or east as shall suffer hunger," said the cat.
"You, little mouse, cannot venture everywhere lest you run at last into a to the mouse. "I have again to stand to the mouse, and counsel was follow- godmother. The child is quite black, a single

in the church. We will hide it in a corner, and we won't touch it till we are in want." So the little pot was placed in safety; but it was not be corner, and we won't touch it till we names; they make me thoughful."

"Oh, you sit at here

But it was all untrue. The cat had no cousin and had not been asked to be godmother. She went straight to the church, slunk to the little pot of fat and licked the ton off. Then she

the church, stunk to the little pot of fat and licked the top off. Then she took a walk on the roofs of the town, looked at the view, stretched herself curied herself up and went to sleep.

ent home again.
"Ah, here you are again!" said the their provision and said: "Come, cat, we will go to our pot of fat which we will go to our pot of fat which we

"What was the child's name?" ask-d the mouse. will taste as good to you as if you stretched your tongue out of the win-

"What is there odd about it?" said
the cat. "Is it worse than Breadthief,
as your godehild is called?"

Not long after this another great
longing came over the cat. She said to
the mouse: "You must again be left."

"Will you be quiet!" screamed the

dow.

This good counsel was follow- godmother. The child is quite black, a little pot of fat was bought. and has white paws, but not a single

We had only been there a lit-Years ago there used to be bad men in Europe, living on the coasts of the countries. These men would put bad tle while

up false lights, and sailors trusting them, would try to sall into harbor, but misguided by the lights, would go on the rocks. Then these bad men. alled wreckers, would rob them of their cargo and money.

So men put false lights in place of the lible to lead us from the path of life and destroy our souls. Follow God's word and we will enter his kingwhat I heard.

FRANK PARDY, Age 13. Norwich

would not know how to live,

An Act of Kindness.

An Act of Kindness.

Once upon a time there lived in a large city a poor old blind man. This man was a violin player. He used to play his violin in the public squares. He had a little dog which used to hold his hat, so the people would drop cohe in it as they went by.

One day he had played all day and hadoly was a cent of money. That night

One day he had played all day and hadn't got a cent of money. That night he was sorrowful, and a well dressed man walled up to him and asked him to let him take his violin a minute. The poor uan let him take it. The other man took the violin and tuned it up well and began to play. In a few minutes there was a large crowd gathered around him. Soon the hat began to fill with money.

to fill with money,
When the violin player stopped playing the hat was full of money. As the man walked off the people praised him.
Later on it was found out he was the greatest violin player in the world.

This is a true story.
HELEN REYNOLDS, Age 12. Eagleville,

The Pet Heifer.

I have a little heifer and her name Rose.

I like Rose.

My father bought her a harness.

I put the harness on her.

I have a little wagon.

I have a little wagon. In the spring I hitch her in the wag-n and pick up stones. When I get home in the evening I take the currycomb and brush and clean her. I feed her two times a day, When Rose is out and I call her, she

will come to me. At 5 o'cock I put her in the barn. MARGARET KUCKLE, Age 8.

Cissie's Adventure.

Glen was a clever Scotch sheep dog. He seemed to know all that children said, shared all their games of play, and saw that no harm happened to them if he could help it.

One day when they were staying at the seaside they were invited to a picnic; there were a great many children and they all had fine fun paddling. finding shells and building sand cas-

Little Cissle wanted to gather some of the pretty flowers she saw growing on the cliff, and when no one was looking off she ran and climbed up a steep, narrow path. Higher and higher steep, narrow path. Higher and higher she went, until she reached a place of great danger. Though no one else nad seen her go, Glen followed, and now he was very much alarmed. He pulled at Cissie's dress to make her sit down, and then he ran to the edge of the cliff and barked as loudly as he could.

Just then Cissie was missed, and oh! what a fright everyone was in as they hunted about and could find no trace of her.

White, and the other blue and white. I got them when they were three weeks old and now they are about six months old. They stay up overhead in our shop, but very soon they have got to learn to run around outdoors.

Last week Polly laid an egg. It is about as hig as a walnut. I hope they will get used to running out around before long.

Oh! But the greatest is when they go to bed at night. They make the

"Perhaps Gien knows where she is," cried her elder sister, "and that is why he is barking so much." Followed by another girl, she hurried up the steep path as quickly as possible, fearing all the time that poor Cissie might have

fallen over the edge.
On and on they went until they reached the top, when Glen came bounding to meet them and then ran back, barking loudly, as much as to say: "Follow me."

the grass and ferns they found little Cissie, who was quite unaware of the danger she was in. If it had not been for good old Glen she would most-likely have met with a sad accident.
LILLIAN BREHAUT, Age 16.
East Norwich, N. Y.

The Broken Pitcher.

Once there lived in a city a poor widow and a family of three children. The widow had to work hard by taking n washing and sewing to support her

day she sent her oldest daughter Grace to a farm house for the evening milk. She gave her a little pink and white pitcher.

While on the way Grace met some of her schoolmates and stopped to play

with them. When site got ready to get her pitcher, why, it was broken! Some

She began to cry. Along came a gen-tleman and said: "What is the matter, She said, "I have broken my mother's

pitcher and we can't have any milk to

his pocket and gave the girl a quar-ter and fold her not to cry, saying: "A broken pitcher can never be mend-

MARGARET M'GRATH.

Life in a Desert in Arabia.

The tent-dwellers who live in the desert are called Bedouins. They are asked tribe. They live in tents made of goats' hair. There is very little furniture in their tents. They sit on the ground and eat with their fingers. The cooking is done over an open fire, They wear but little clothing and the boys so maked until they are thirteen years. wear but little clothing and the boys
go maked until they are thirteen years
old, and the girls until they are seven.
Some of these tent-dwellers raise
wheat, but the chief crop is millet. It
is ground and made into cakes.
Dates are the chief food of the
Bedouins. Not only the men, women
and children eat them but they feed
them to the horses and camels.
The men wear long white gowns and

The men wear long white gowns and white turbans made by folding several yards of cloth around their heads. The Bedouins are very fond of their famous Arabian horses and treat them as they treat their children. Their horses are very beautiful. ALICE M. GORMAN, Age 11.

The Bell of Justice.

sousin has a little son, white, with brown spots, and she wants me to be godmother to it. Let me go out today and do you take care of the house alone."

"Yes, go, certainly," replied the mouse.

But it was all untrue. The cat had In a little village of Italy there was a good king who hung a bell in the market place and covered it with a sheltering roof. He called the people together and said. 'If wrong has been done to you ring the bell and the judge will make it right.'

By this the nearly lived benefit for

By this the people lived happily for many years. At last the judge heard all their complaints. He would punthose who did wrong. FLORIDA SAVAGEAU, Age 9.

At the Fire

Friday afternoon about I o'clock the fire bell rang, but as I didn't know where it was I didn't think anything

in school and said the fire was on in a de Jackson street. We all ran out of taken school to see where it was and found I saw out it was only a little way past the candy.

MILDRED DUNHAM, Age 13.

The Beautiful Boy. Not long ago I knew a little boy named Henry Donald. To look at him you would think he was an angel. I'm sure he was a good boy at school from

what I heard.

His teacher's name was Miss Roland and Oh! how she admired him for being such a pretty boy.

He lived quite a distance from the school, It was a long and weary walk every day.

His mother was a tall, pale woman. It was Henry who was the cause of her paleness. Although he was a very handsome boy he lacked something he needed, for his father died when he was about five years old, so his poor mether had to work hard to educate him. Although he didn't seem to appreciate it.

When he would come home from

When he would come home from one day his mother said to him:

"Henry, my boy, you should try and conquer that temper you have, or you will do something in time by means of it."

Not long after his mother's end came. Henry, now a young man, often says:
"I regret I didn't follow my dear mother's example. But it is too late

ADELINE WHITE, Age 13. Our Flag.

In Philadelphia there is still stand-

In Philadelphia there is still standing the little house where Betsy Ross made the first real American flag.

The first United States flag adopted by congress, June 14, 1777, having the stars and stripes, made it is said, out of a soldier's white shirt, an old blue army overcoat, and a red flannel petticant.

There are three colors in our flag, red, white and blue. There are six white burs and seven red bars. The blue on the flag is the field which contains the stars. One star is added for each state annexed to the union. The thirteen stripes stand for the first

thirteen states.
Capt. Robert Gray was the first man to carry the stars and stripes around

the world.
All the girls of Portsmouth joined together and made a flag for John Paul Jones. They didn't sew on calico patchwork, but pieces of silk from their gowns.

They then presented it to John Paul Jones. He was the first one to hoist an American flag over an American warship.
The flag is henored by school children, by soldiers, by military officers

and in parades, FLORA LAMBERT, Age 12. Attawaugan.

My Pets.

Peter and Polly are my pets. They are two little pigeons, one brown and white and the other blue and white.

go to bed at night. They make the greatest noise and seem to be glad to think night has come so they can rest VIOLET MAIN, Age 12.

Cotton.

Cotton is a plant. It grows in warm countries. It needs plenty of rain. It cannot grow in cold or dry lands. The best cotton fields are in the southern

cotton grows from two to four feet high. Long, white fibers grow on the seeds and burst the pods as the seeds ripen.

When the cotton is picked it is press-

ed into bales and sent all over the world. Also the seeds contain useful world. Also the seeds contain users.

oil. They are put into strong presses

oil. Some of and the oil is squeezed out. Some of this oil is used in making soap. The cotton is made into cloth.

FRANCIS DIFFLEY, Age 10.

A Wise Indian. Indians, as you know, have to use their eyes very much. They have to study everything that they see. That is their school. Their schools are not

Is their school. Their schools are not the kind we have nowadays. A long time ago there was a wise and old Indian who lived in a hut among some white people. There was an old white man who lived all alone in a little cabin, away from the rest of his neighbors. He

got up early one morning to go to work. He had hung a bag of corn in his cabin for his evening meal. After work he came home. When he got home his bag of corn was gone. The man was tired and hungry. He The man was tree and nungry. He said "That laby Indian has my corn."
The man went to his neighbor. The neighbor and he soon got the Indian.
The Indian said: "I have not stolen

your corn. Your corn was stolen by a white man." So they all started after him. Soon the thief was found and the corn was returned to its owner. The neighbor said, "Now keep your

IRENE MATHIEU, Age 12.

A Girl's Kindness to a Dumb Animal. Little Mary Smith was coming home from school one day, when she the piteous mewing of a kitten. ing toward the river which flowed nearby, she saw a group of men and boys watching the cruel sport. One of the boys had the kitten by the

nape of the neck and was formenting it, putting it in the water until it was half drowned and then drawing it out half drowned and then drawing it out again, only to be followed by shouts of "Do it again, Rob! Do it again!" Mary watched them be a moment, then pushing her way through the then pushing her way through the group she exclaimed. 'For shame, Rob-ert, to treat a helpless creature like

that! She snatched the kitten from his hands and while tears were streaming down her face, she knelt bravely be-side the river and held the kitten under water until it was drowned, thus put-ting an end to the poor creature's misery

misery.

The people who were watching this kind deed, moved slowly away, feeling ashamed of themselves and vowing m the future they would be kind to all dumb animals, VERONICA V. F. TUCKER, Age 11. Versailles, Conn.

The Story of a Dime.

The first I can remember of my life was that I was in what people call a mint. I was a lump of silver and soon I was stamped and became a silver coin worth ten cents.

After this I was going through the mail in an envelope. Two days' jour-neying and I was in a man's hand mixed up with my brothers, sisters

and cousins. The next minute I was in a deep, dark pocket and soon I was taken out and put on a counter where I saw boxes and boxes filled with

"Ah," said the mouse! "now I know that is there edd about it?" said the cat. "Is it worse than Breadthief, as your godohild is called?"

Not long after this another great to the mouse: "You must again be kind enough to look after the house alone, for I have been asked a second time to stand godmother, and as the child has a white ring around its neck I cannot refuse."

The kind mouse agreed, but the cat. "You see, that is the way of the school bell was going to the school bell was going to the boards off so as to put the hose of water through.

When we got there some of the fire men were pulling the fire teams out of the building over to the fire.

As soon as they got there they put the hose of water on and pulled some of the boards off so as to put the hose of water through.

When we got there some of the fire men were pulling the fire teams out of the building over to the fire.

As soon as they got there they put the boards off so as to put the hose of water through.

When the cannot refuse."

"Cleangone," was already on the poor mouse's tongue, and scarcely was it out than the cat made a spring at her, seizes and swallowed her.

You see, that is the way of the house alone, then half of it gone, then "

"Will you be quiet!" screamed the top off, then half of it gone, then "

"Will you be quiet!" screamed the top off, then half of it gone, then "

"Will you be quiet!" screamed the building over to the fire.

As soon as they got there they put the boards off so as to put the hose of water through.

When the none day a lady took me out and gave men were pulling the fire teams out of the building over to the fire.

As soon as they got there they put the boards off so as to put the hose of water through.

When the cambotal through the fire teams out of the building over to the fire.

As soon as they got there they put the hose of water on and pulled some of the boards off the board

is the end of my story, for that is all know of my life, ADELAIDE HOLBROOK, Age 11, Norwich.

The First Pipe of Tebacco. The first white man to smoke a pipe

of tobacco was Sir Waiter Raleigh.
He lived in the days of Queen Elizabeth, who was queen of England.
After Queen Elizabeth died King
James the First came to the throne.
He thought that Sir Walter Raleig. was trying to take the crown away from him. He had Raleigh put in prison.

After many years had passed the king thought of sending Raleigh and other prisoners to South America for gold. This Raleigh was giad to do He landed at a place which he names Jamestown in honor of King James. He tried to make a settlement there but he falled. He started for South America but could not get any further America, but could not get any further south than Florida. He wandered along the coast of Florida for many a day,

the coast of Florida for many a day, looking for gold.

One day three Indians walked up to Raleigh smoking a pipe of tobacco. One of them had a plant and gave it to him. Raleigh carried this piant back to England with him.

The first day be was at home he was smeking a pipe of tobacco. Everyone that went by looked at him. They thought he was on fire. His servant noticed him and ran for a pitcher of water. He threw it into Raleign's face and put out the pipe.

Raleigh was very angry, but he said "It was the first pipe of tobacco ever smoked in England."

Raleigh's servant always smoked after that.

SADIE SHEA, Age 11.

LETTERS TO UNCLE JED.

Versailles.

A Good Calf. Dear Uncle Jed: I thought I would ell you about my calf. Her name is Molly. She is a year and eight months Molly. She likes to be in the pasture with the other calves.

The pasture is very large. She runs all over it. At night I put her in the barn and give her hay and grain. I think she is a good calf. I wish you nould see her.

FANNIE A. LATHROP, Age 12.

A Penny.

Dear Uncle Jed: I am a little penny. I was found in the mines of Michigan and was brought to the king with many other pennies. The king

put me in his pocket and thought no more about me. The next day the king went out to ride in his carriage, and as he was go-ing up a hill I rolled out of his pocket and fell to the ground. I was run over by horses and carriages.

After a while a little girl came running along; she thought she saw a

ning along; she thought she saw a penny in the road, so she went to see and to her surprise there I was. So she picked me up and ran to a store to buy some candy. She got the candy and the man put me in his pocket.

Then he was going home to his supper and on his way he met his little boy, and the boy asked his father for a penny, so the father gave me to him, and the boy put me in his pocket and my only friends were a jackknife

and my only friends were a jackknife and a stick of gum that was in the boy's pocket. MARIE AGNES SHEA, Age 10.

Her Little Canary Bird.

Dear Uncle Jed: I have a little Dickey. It sings very early in the morning; but when strangers come in it does not sing at all. I got my canary about four years ago. It was very small, but it is a little larger

One day I put the bird outside in his cage, but had to watch him so the cat wouldn't get him. One winter day age and put cotton all about him, and then put him in the clothes basket, and the next day he was better.

LHAIE GRABOWSKI, Age 13. South Manchester.

A Punishment for Idleness. Dear Uncle Jed: Three hundred and sixty years ago, when Edward VI reigned, the inndiords passed a law that anyone who was able and would not work for three days should be branded upon the breast with the lette; V and made a slave for two years to anyone who informed against the idler. This slave should be fed bread and water and such as the master though.

The master could sell the slave, or put an iron ring around his neck, arm this slave should run away for fourteen days he should be branded upon the cheek and made a slave for

If he ran away the second time he was made to suffer the pain of death.
FRANCES E. ADAMS, Age 10.

How to Keep Healthy.

Dear Uncle Jed: I have read the stories written by the Wide Awakes. I am going to write you a short letter about how to keep healthy.

Many people have diseases by being careless. People that are healthy should not ruin their lives by smoking, drinking or using impure water.

Every Friday we study a bookiet on

Some people are afraid to take a Some people are atraid to take a bath for fear of catching cold.

People who are sickly should breathe fresh air. There are many wells which carry disease germs.

I hope the people and Wide Awakes will read this little letter.

DEBENIA FRAZIER, Age 13.

Oneco.

Her Birthday.

Dear Uncle Jed: In January was my birthday. My cousins came over in the afternoon at 2 o'clock. We played games and I received quite a number of presents. Then refreshments wers served. We had cocos, cake, buns and peaches.

After supper we talked and played games. Then about half past 7 my cousins went home. One of them stayed over night and it made it pleasant-I had a very nice time. It came on

Jan. 3, 1914. LOTTIE A. MELL, Age 12. Norwich Town.

She Likes to Read About Birds. Dear Uncle Jed: I am a little girl years old. I go to school every da and I am in the fourth grade. I like and I am in the fourth grade. I like to go to school, and I just love to read, I get books from the library and read every minute I can get. I have read many stories of people in far away lands. I like Hans Brinker best of all. I like to read stories about birds and animals. I spend a great deal of time reading Wood's Natural History. I wish I had a book about birds. We reading Wood's Natural History wish I had a book about birds. have many birds around our home In the summer I like to watch the humming birds fly from flower flower. They are such pretty l creatures. I try to watch them go to their nests, but all of a sudden they are gone. I hope to find a nest this summer. I think it is in the hedge. Do you think they would make a nest in a hedge?

DORIS MANNING BRIGGS, Age 8.

Dear Uncle Jed: I have not yet for-gotten you and the Wide Awakes, although I have moved away from Uneasyille. I have composed a story which I think will be a good one.

There lived in Porto Rico a family by the name of Burns. This family consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Burns and their only son, James.

Mr. Burns had entered the army at

the outbreak of the Spanish American war. He fought very bravely and was made captain of a company of scouts. While scouting one day he was shot by a Spanish sentinel. This brought great grief and sorrow into the house-

great grief and sorrow into the household of the Burns'.

One day James saw a sign which read: "Men wanted for the United States army." When he came home he begged his mother to let him go and join the Rough Riders under Colonei Roosevelt. At first she would not let him go, but after begging a long time she let him go. He went to the general and he let him go as a bugler.

Next month James and a company of men marched against the Spaniards at San Juan Hill. James sounded the bugle and the men charged up the hill.

bugie and the men charged up the hill. When they reached the top the flag-bearer staggered and fell and James rushed up, picked up the flag and ran on. When James reached the summit and was about to jump on the breastworks he was struck down.

A soldier ran over and picked up the flag and hoisted the flagpole. When the news reached his mother she was filled with grief and pride at the heroic death of her susband and son. Families like the Burns' ought to be respected and honored.

JONAS BUNENSTOCK.

New York City.

She Feeds the Birds.

Dear Uncle Jed: I would like to tell you about the birds that come around my house. One morning there were about fifteen birds in the yard.

I thought they were very hungry, so I put some bread out where they were, but they all flew away. Then I went down to the store. When I came back I looked out there; the bread was all gone. I thought the dog had eaten it, but my mother said she saw all the birds around there.

They looked like English sparrows:

they were gray. They were very cun-ning. I like to watch them hop around. There was very little snow on the ground.

I would like to have a lot of them.
They do not come very often.
MARY ATTENBURGER, Age 14.

Topsy's Bedroom.

Dear Uncle Jed: It was a winter night, Topsy, the gray pussy, sat pur-ring on the kitchen hearth.

Sarah sat down by the stoye and warmed her feet in the oven, before she went to bed.

Topsy was left alone. The fire went down, and the kitchen began to grow cold. Topsy woke up. She wanted to go upstairs and jump into Sarah's bed, so she tried to open the door with her paw; but Sarah had latched it. Topsy mewed with vexation. She went back to her place on the hearth. The moon shone into the room. Topsy saw the oven door open. She purred at this. "I have it now," she meant; Pil sleep snug and warm."

"Into the oven she crept. She rolled herself into a ball, put her head on her paws and purred herself to sleep. Next morning Sarah came down before light. It was washing day and she was in a hurry. She shut the oven door, and did not see Topsy. Then she made the fire. Topsy's bedroom began to prove too warm.

Poor little cat! She tried to push the door open but could not. "Mew! Mew!" she cried.

The fire snapped and cracked and Sarah did not hear her. She scratch-ed the door and mewed as loud as she could.

NELLIE E. DAY, Age 11.

Storrs. She Saw a Fox. Dear Uncle Jed: How are the Wide-Awakes? I go to school every day, and we are gathering egg-masses. I have got 231. I study reading, spelling, writing, history, arithmetic. There are 17 scholars.

I have four cats. afraid. It came up behind me I have a pig. One day he followed he mailman to the next house, and I had to go and get him. It has been very cold up here. BLANCHE POTTER, Age 7.

Willimantic. Problem for the Idle.

If the time is hanging heavy on your hands, try to work out this: How many times in each 24 hours do the two hands of the clock appear at right angles to each other?-Baltimore News.

FOR ALL CATARRHAL TROUBLES Mr. William Kaufman, 5649

Wentworth Ave., Chicago, Ills., writes: "A few lines to the praise of Peruna. A few years ago I contracted a severe cold, which settled on my lungs, causing a severe case of catarrh. After using a number of bottles of your valued remedy I am now enjoying the best of health. Certainly Peruna has done more for me than several well-known specialists have done. It will always have my praise,"

D. D. D.

Prescription for 15 years the standard skin remedy-a liquid used externally-instant relief from all kinds of itch.

D. D. D. Soap the mildest of cleansers-keeps the skin always clean and healthy.

City of Norwich Water Works,
Office of
Board of Water Commissioners.
Norwich, Conn., March 3t, 1814.
Water rates for the quarter ending
March 31, 1814, are due and payable at
the office April 1, 1814. Office open
from 8.30 a. m. to 5 p. m.
Additions will be made to all bills
remaining unpaid after April 10.
aprid JOHN J. SHEA, Cashier.

Lee & Osgood Co., Norwich, Conn.

Most Ciga Are Good.
THESE ARE BETTER TOM'S 1-2-3 5c CIGAR

GOOD FELLOW 10: CIGAR Try them and see.
THOS. M. SHEA, Prop. Franklin St.

Mr. Burns had entered the army at

Next to the Paisce Cate